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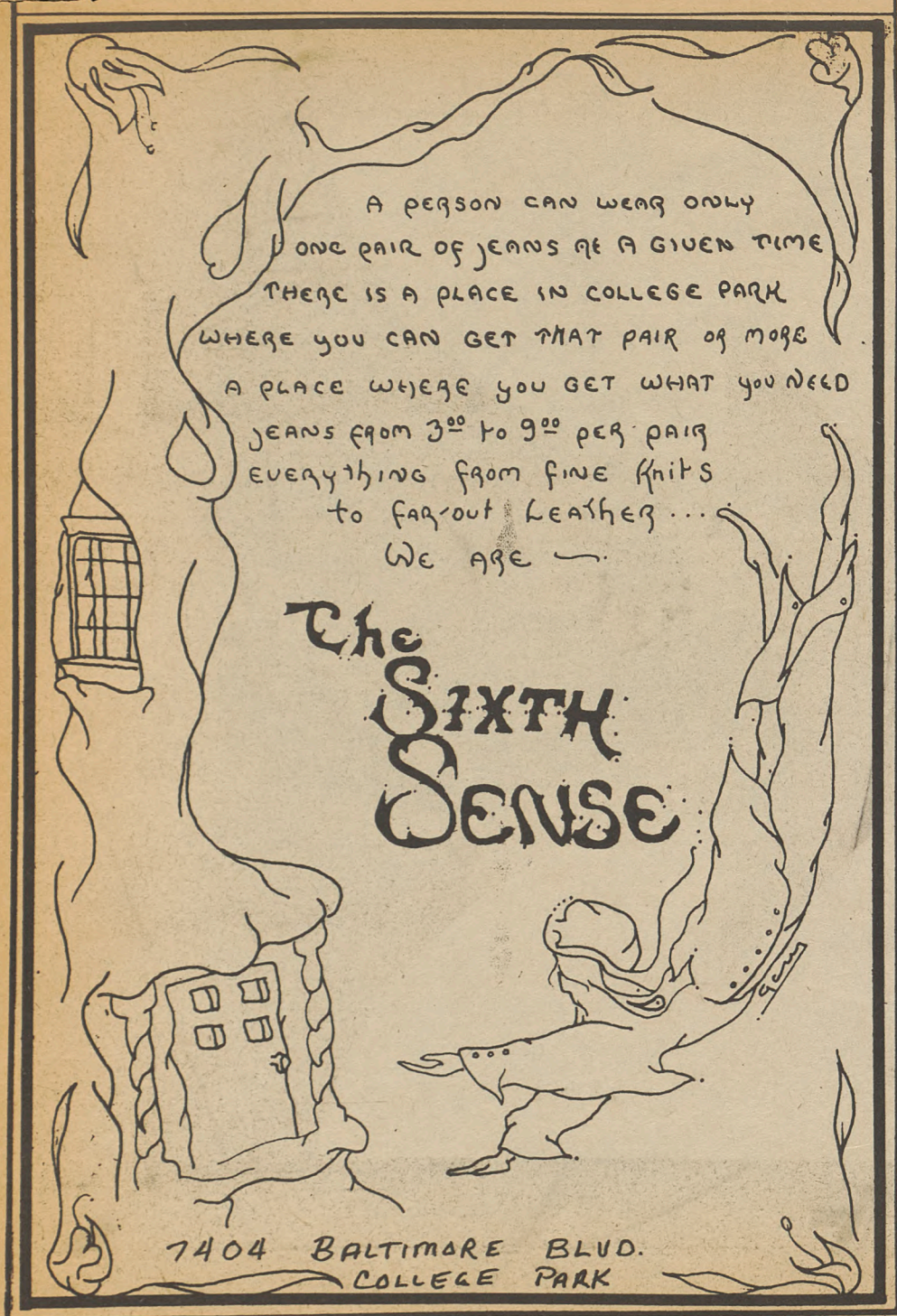
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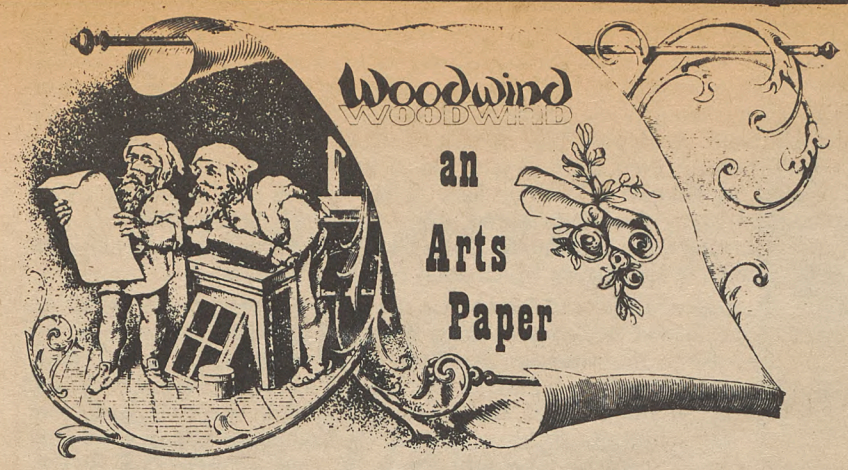

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A Saucerful Of Floydian Facts

by Tim Hogan

STIFF INTRO: This is but a capsul of organized information about what is perhaps the only satisfying musical force for the new generation of earth-ridden astronauts. The four-fourths of Pink Floyd insist they are human, but ask those who've witnessed their transformation on stage about their connections with the upper regions of the universe.

LOOSE INTRO: There comes a time, no matter who we are, when we ease off all our defenses and surrender, if only for self-satisfaction. Lie back to be taken. Knowing that the taker is a friend. And where you're being taken is a nice place. You'll find many who practice this form of existence and chances are they can relate, if only vaguely, some of the places they've been taken to by Pink Floyd.

HISTORY: Around '64, Roger Waters, Nick Mason and Richard Wright were studying architecture in London. With a fourth person, blues guitarist Bob Cross and later a fifth person, Syd Barrett, they had a group together and played some old blues numbers, some Stones, Yardbirds, etc. When Cross left and Barrett moved to the helm of the music the group dropped trying to redo the blues like hundreds of others then and now, and took to improvising around one root chord. Coupled with Barrett's genius for writing songs that blended "child-like innocence and morphine induced fantasy," this improvisation was in perfect timing with the birth of a new consciousness in England as well as in the States.

By 1966, Pink Floyd was one of the first groups in England to develop a rather cultish following and their dates at the UFO Club in London were most successful for an 'underground' group. In February, '67, they went into the studios with producer Joe Boyd and recorded "Arnold Layne" a Barrett composition (and a gem of a tune.) Despite the song being openly about a transvestite, it was a large hit on the very straight British radio. With Arnold's help, the group was able to record many more of Barrett's tunes, a number of which were never released in the States until the advent of RELICS some four years later.

In April, '68, once again with perfect timing, PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN was released with a properly psychedelic cover and extremely psychedelic music inside. To this day, the close association of PF's music and psychedelics, due mostly to chronological timing, still haunts the group. But '68 was ever so psychedelic and so was Floyd, so they caught on with the blimpish American underground. The first album with it's Barrett ditties "See Emily Play," "The Gnome," "The Scarecrow," and "Matilda Mother" and the loose jams of the future Floyd sound "Pow R Touch" and "Interstellar Overdrive" established them in the ears of Uncle Sam's stoned youth.

Midway through the second LP, Syd was by now very spaced on acid to the point of bringing a gun to a gig in Oxford and indeed freaking the others right on out, causing his split from the group. The original foursome had completed "Let There Be More Light," "Remember A Day," and Syd's own "Jug Band Blues," when the parting came and David Gilmour stepped in to fill the lead guitarist gap. It was hoped that Barrett would continue to write for the group, but he was in no condition to do so. Gilmour basically filled the Barrett hole for about six months, until his own style (within the direction of Floyd's style) developed. The completed second LP with it's even now famous "Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun" and "Saucerful Of Secrets" brought even more ears to the Floyd stable. Syd Barrett since then was propped up long enough by Waters, Wright and Gilmour to record two tarnished yet wonderful albums and more recently debuted the original 30-minute group Stars (that's how long the group stayed together) The transfer of the focus of the music after Syd left to what we identify today as Floyd's own style, is what's allowed the group to survive. There is no one else who can touch Floyd for the area they cover.

In mid-68 the group was commissioned to create a soundtrack for French director Barbet Schroeder's film MORE. The movie was centered on the good guy – to junkie – to hell theme and Schroeder made a wise choice with Floyd. But he didn't give them much time, so in ten days, after viewing and timing sequences, the material was ready. And after a touch-up job in the studios, the soundtrack which was mostly Water's compositions was released as their third and last LP on Tower. The group wasn't ecstatic over the quality of the album, and matched Tower in doing nothing to promote it. But it marked the first time Floyd had produced music for visual attachment, a field that today they excel in.

The group was well-known by now and most of the 1969's time was spent touring and preparing their next release, the double UMMA GUMMA (meaning 'fuck' to those who use it) which was the real coming out party for them. Being on Tower, though it was within the Capitol clan, was much like being on Obscure, so the switch at this time to Harvest, which was Capitol's underground English label for the U.S., was again perfect timing. The LP set with one live album of Floyd classics, "Set The Controls...," "Careful With That Axe, Eugene," "Astronomy Dominie" and a four part "Saucerful Of Secrets" and the other a set of solo studio tracks by each of the four Floyds, is a required item for the modern record collection.

After hearing "Careful With That Axe" film director Michelangelo Antonioni commissioned the group to do the soundtrack for his first American film, ZABRISKI POINT. They worked 12 hours/day for about two and a half weeks and completed what they thought was the perfect soundtrack for the film only to be told by the "madman" Antonioni that he had changed his mind and would only be using two sections of their score. One of which was a reworked version of "Axe" called "Come In Number 51, Your Time Is Up" which you might remember from the scene where the house blows up so many times. Collecting their five-figure per man salary for the unused score, Floyd got drunk and Antonioni decided upon a jukebox soundtrack which many feel hurt the film.

With the success of UMMA GUMMA and the attraction of their performances live, they sought further horizons to keep from getting bored with redoing the same old tunes. From this situation an album called ATOM HEART MOTHER was born. The title comes from a news headline about a pregnant woman who had been kept alive by an atomic heart, if little things like that interest you. "Atom Heart Mother" was a collection of bits and pieces by Waters and film director Ron Geesin (who worked together on a soundtrack for Geesin's film THE BODY; available, like Barrett's two solos, only by import) done by the group and held together in cosmic concert by an orchestra and choir. The piece itself is fine, but the recording of it seems early and nervous. Recorded live, certain production controls available only in the studio are obviously absent, but the piece in it's sentiment is powerful, if not confusing. Side two of this LP contains a three-cut sampling of Floyd's active writers (Waters, Gilmour and Wright) plus an electrified breakfast fantasy titled "Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast."

Which leads timewise to MEDDLE, done in 1971. The first side is done in the Floyd formula of (5) relatively short cuts with the body-stimulating bass riff on "One Of These Days" opening the side. Waters remains prominent as the group's most prolific, not to say extremely powerful, writer. The other side holds the newest Floyd classic "Echoes," their most complete piece yet, which when done alive brings shrieks of ecstasy from audience members.

During their recent U.S. tour, Pink Floyd delighted packed houses of burnt-rope-smelling youth with their surreal stage versions of "One Of These Days," "Echoes," the horrifically intense terror item "Axe," a met-with-cheers "Set The Controls" and their newest classic "Eclipse (Dark Side Of The Moon)" which will be recorded later this year to be on their ninth album. With their masterful use of their custom built light system, a 360 degree sound system and theatrical gimmickry such as flares flashing forth at the peak of terror in "Axe" and the flaming gong during "Set The Controls" which helped hypnotize their audience, those who'd missed the space-ship wished they hadn't. The amount of music these four guys can squeeze out of ordinary instruments and their ability to duplicate their complex sound formations as well live as they do on records continues to intrigue even the uninterested ear. It's recommended that if you haven't seen them live yet you do so next time around.

And bringing everything completely up to date, it'll only be a short time before the release of their eighth and newest LP, LA VALLEY. Again a soundtrack for a Barbet Schroeder film, the album as film music and standing on it's own, is stronger that MORE because as Rick Wright says, "We've gotten a lot more professional at what we do."

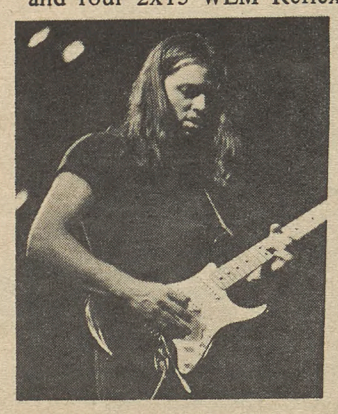
INSTRUMENTATION: (Courtesy of Peter Watts, Pink Floyd Road Manager)

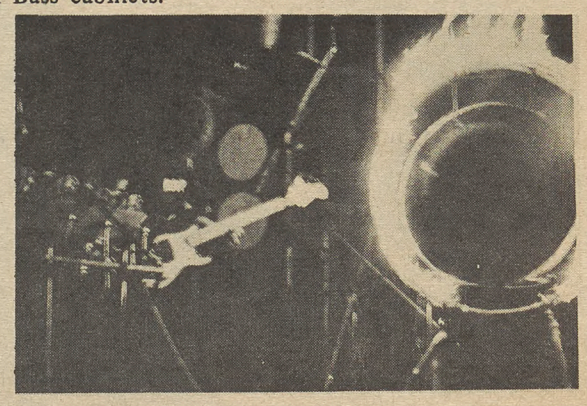
David Gilmour/ Fender Stratocaster with two 100-watt Hi-Watt amps and four 4x12 WEM speaker cabinets plus a Binson Echo Unit and six foot pedals (tone, fuzz, reverb, etc.)

Nick Mason/ Ludwig Double kit comprising 22" & 24" bass drums, 12x14 mounted tom-toms, 14x16 floor tom-toms, 14" snare and 16", 18", 20" and 22" Zildijian cymbals and a 12" hi-hat.

Rick Wright/ Hammond m102 and a Farfisa Double Duo played through a Binson Echo Unit and two 100-watt amps with the Hammond augmented by a Leslie 147 speaker, which is put through the PA — a WEM outfit with four 4x12 WEM speaker cabinets, producing 800 watts.

Roger Waters/ Fender Precision Bass with two 100-watt WEM Valve amps and four 2x15 WEM Reflex Bass cabinets.





[NOTE: For a transcript of an in-depth interview with Gilmour and Wright recorded after their recent concert at the Kennedy Center, send $1.00 to WOODWIND.]

Photos by Frank Simeone

Low Bread, High Calorie Europe Travel Thoughts

by Ruth Stenstrom

It's that time of year, and we're all beginning to feel it - that spring-fever-dying to-get-away-from-this-place urge (be it from final exams or the 9 to 5 drag). For some of us, a trip into West Virginia or a visit with the pandas might soothe the itch. But more and more people, especially "those who think young," are catching on to "the real thing" and that's a European binge.

Now with the relatively low youth and excursion air fares, a trip to the Old World for either a short or an extended period of time is incredibly inexpensive, easy and above all, immensely worthwhile–despite the fact that our American dollars have been devalued and inflation is on the rise. If you fly before June 20 on the commercial air lines, the flights are $20 cheaper. Until then, Icelandic's youth fare (you qualify if you are 25 or under) from New York to Luxembourg is $165; to London $190; to Scandinavia is $210. If you want to fly youth fare via a 747 jet, Pan Am, for example, will fly you from Washington to Paris (via NYC) for $228; to London nonstop is $218 and from Friendship to Amsterdam is $228. And charter flights can be even cheaper.

If you can prove you're a student, then by all means get an International Student Identity Card before you go. This inexpensive card is the godsend that qualifies you for student flights and trains at unbelievably low prices, gets you into student restaurants and hotels, gives you reductions at movies and plays (especially France), and entrance into many museums for free (Italy) or at a discount. You can obtain the I.D. and other student travel information from the CIEE (Council on International Educational Exchange), 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

An American Youth Hostel Card is your ticket to a fantastic system of dormitory-type accommodations throughout Europe. They usually have facilities for cooking and often offer very cheap meals. Membership costs $5 if you are under 18, and $10 is you are older. The AYH office is located at 1531 P Street, N.W., phone 462-5780. They are open from 1-4 p.m. on weekdays; 10 a.m. - 1 p.m. on Saturdays and 7:30 - 10:30 p.m. on Mondays and Thursdays. You can also join once you are in Europe; I think it's cheaper, but it may be a bit of a hassle.

One last bit of "must" advice–pack extra light, especially if you are hitchhiking or planning a long stay. If you are going to be in Britain or northern Europe this summer, you should also bring some warm clothing so you'll be prepared for those occasional days of cold and/or rainy weather. By packing light, I mean keep yourself down to a small suitcase or a back pack–and leave yourself some energy for carrying whatever you'd like to buy. Also, get yourself one decent pair of indestructible, comfortable shoes–the kind that don't kill your feet after a day of walking, because walking will probably be ¾'s of what you do.

Guides like Europe on Five Dollars a Day and Let's Go Europe are a good place to start for suggestions about accommodations, restaurants, attractions and other travel tips. For a good orientation to points of interest, museums, and general information about the places you are planning to visit, the Michelin green guides are very helpful (Michelin is a European tire company). They can also be purchased in English once you are there. Maps (not too many) are also important especially good road maps if you are hitching or driving.

The easiest way to orient yourself in a new town is to track down the tourist information office. A sure bet is that there is one in the airport or railroad station They usually can give you a map of the town (indispensible), directions, and help you to find a room or restaurant to meet your requirements. It makes travelling remarkably easy.

But what I really wanted to tell you about are some of the ways you can find out what's happening once you've arrived on the scene. A lot of people start out in London. On my second stay there, I discovered the best publication (no, the newspapers don't really tell you) to find out where it's at in the art, theatre, movie, food, TV, happenings and the night-on-the-town scene. It's a weekly magazine called "Time Out," which immediately makes you feel like a member of London's in-people crowd set.

Ironically it is often cheaper to see a play than a film in London. Movie seats are usually cheapest up front, in the first six rows. Unfortunately, there are no student rates. In most cases, tickets for films in Europe are sold immediately before each performance (hence long lines). A real kick is seeing commercials (remember the Marlboro ads?) along with the short subjects. Generally prices for first run films run from 40 to 75 pence (a little over a dollar to about two dollars).

It's usually very easy to get cheap seats for the theatre ($3 often gets you a very good seat). Often a show will have a 5:00 or 6:00 p.m. performance on Friday or Saturday night at reduced prices which are just as cheap as the matinees. The hard task is deciding which of the umpteen shows you want to invest your time in. If "Butley" is still playing at the underground (literally) Criterion Theatre with Alan Bates, and directed by Rinter, I'd advise you to see it. Also, anything like Peter Brooke's "Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Royal Shakespeare Co. at the Aldwych Theatre or at Stratford-on-Avon (Shakespeare's town), is definitely worth the trouble. If "Hair" is still playing, don't waste your time; it just doesn't work in London or in 1972 for that matter.

On the lighter side, you may discover one of London's many "Amusement Centers" where you can gamble all your new pence away in slot machines and other paraphernalia with hilarious results (it depends on who's losing the money). Another favorite pastime is the London pub, a marvelous atmosphere for relaxing with a pint of again, amazingly good, cheap beer.

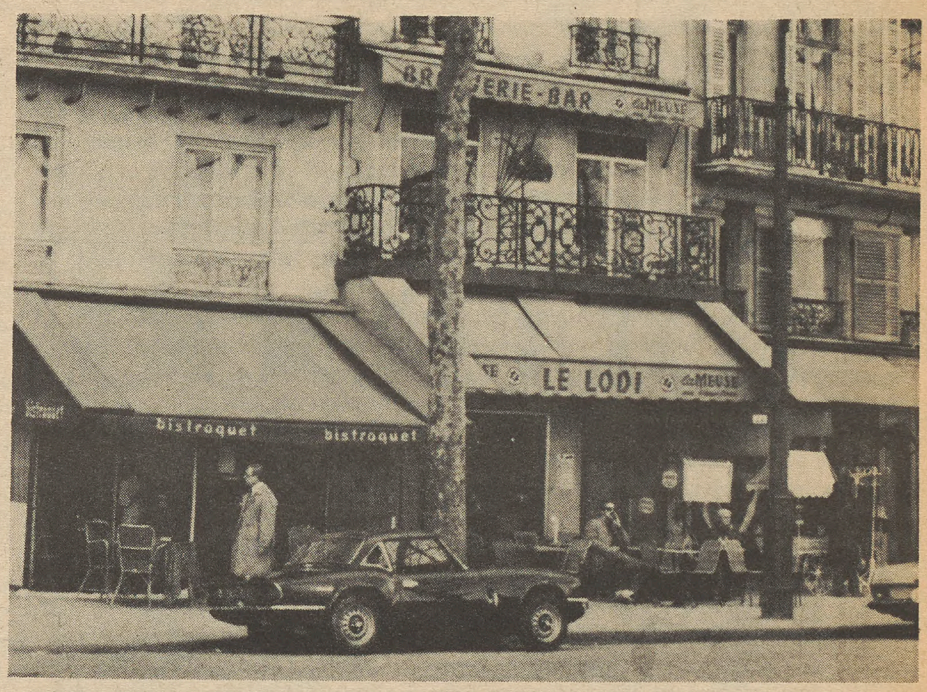
If you're living on a budget, I don't anticipate that you will get a chance to be overly excited about food in the British Isles with one or two notable exceptions: the breakfast, which comes with your room, a feast of eggs, bacon, toast and tea, and the tea (you'll soon find it's usually the cheapest and best (I got prejudiced) drink on the menu.) Otherwise the food strikes you as being overly greasy, and flavorless with a consistent overabundance of chips.

Wimpy's is the big cheap "hamburger" chain where you are in for your biggest disappointment. The English version of America's No. 1 food strikes me as having a greasy pork fat flavor and consistency. Don't say I didn't warn you. If you get especially homesick, you'll be glad to know that there are several decent hamburger places in London, the most famous of which is GAD, the Great American Disaster. Needless to say, it's a booming success.

Another major stop on your tour will probably be Paris–that beautiful, sophisticated cosmopolitan though sometimes intolerant city. Yes, knowing how to speak French (even a little) helps.

I know you aren't planning to go to Paris to see movies, but I do know some people who did. Because. Paris happens to be the best city in the world to see films–209 choices a week. Your guide to Paris films, theatre, night clubs, etc. is a weekly digest "Pariscope." The best thing about Paris films is a student discount of about $.50 on Mondays through Fridays. The main attraction, however, is the cinemathique in two locations which offer 3-5 different showings each a day of current and past film classics, hits and flops, from every country at unbelievably low prices ($.40 - $.80). A weekly schedule of their showings is found at the end of the film section in Pariscope. A great thing about French Cinema is that films are shown as a rule in their original versions with French subtitles, something you should not expect in Spain or Italy. To give you an idea of the possibilities, I saw such selections as "Citizen Kane," D. W. Griffith's epic "Intolerance," "The True Story About Jesse James," Chaplin's "Modern Times," and "City Lights," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," Polanski's "Cul de Sac" and Marlene Dietrich in "The Scarlet Empress" as well as other films that have been released in the states.

While I didn't see any plays in Paris, I got the impression that the theatre scene, except for the Comedie Francaise and some experimental groups, is pretty bad. Those night club revues looked somewhat tantalizing though.



A typical street with outdoor cafes – Paris

The most prevalent form of entertainment in Paris, aside from the food, is the sidewalk cafe. The prices are pretty exorbitant–maybe $.50 for cafe au lait or tea, but it gives you the freedom to just sit for a couple of hours and watch the show (everyone in Paris is decidedly interesting to look at). Of course, it's cheaper if you just want something to drink, to stand up by the bar.

And the cheapest entertainment of all is walking, along the Seine, in the Latin Quarter, in Contrescarpe. . .To get you in the mood for Paris, try reading Ernest Hemingway's A Moveable Feast, about his youthful, starving days there.

One last tip about Paris; avoid it if possible in August. This happens to be the month when all the Parisiens go on vacation and all that's left is the tourist industry.

Do you feel like splurging yet?

PERFORMANCE

THOUGHTS, CRITICISMS, DIGRESSIONS, THE AMERICAN COLLEGE THEATRE FESTIVAL
By Ned Chaillet

For reasons to be revealed, I chose to see only four productions during the American College Theatre Festival at the Kennedy Center. Two of the performances were foreign, Acts and Exercises on Shakespeare, presented by the Zelwerowicz State Theatre School of Warsaw. The other two productions were particularly "American," including an adapted Peking Opera, Black Dragon Residence, from the American-Pacific-Oriental University of Hawaii, and an original play about our Asian quagmire, the Vietnam War, called 365 Days. Only one other of the twelve productions seemed to me likely to be challenging, the British play Home by David Storey, presented by Southern Illinois University, Carbondale.

The rest of the Festival struck me as vapid, meaningless or predictable, a journey into very deadly theatre, even though such valuable works as Oedipus the King and The Misanthrope were included. Those "classics" are rarely dealt with effectively by vastly imaginative and experienced directors and performers; demanding, for one thing, masterful, mature central performances. It was probably arrogant of me, but I expected little of such offerings here, and more importantly, I deeply believe that college theatres shouldn't use the festival as an opportunity to dig up classics and "expose students to culture."

A note in the program to The Misanthrope quotes Moliere as saying, "No longer need I take Plautus and Terence for my masters, or despoil Menander. I have only to study the world." Unfortunately, Portland State University must have missed the message, or they wouldn't have taken Moliere as master, and they would have offered us something that studied the world we live in. I love Sophocles, and Shakespeare, and I enjoy Moliere, but college theatres should take time to study the world and make every effort to offer not only creative performance and direction, but creation itself. They should offer us new plays, or performances which encounter existing texts in such a way as to offer us mirrors of ourselves and our souls, performances in which the act of creation is visible.

Instead, we are offered plays in which student talent is varnished to a fine finish, shiny and bright and very much on the surface. We are offered students as products, ready to be fed into the Broadway machinery of musicals and dramas for audience consumption.

Who needs to see a student production of Lillian Hellman's museum piece, The Little Foxes, no matter how adroitly performed? What reasonable excuse can be given for choosing to present another student production of The Boyfriend, a musical so often performed by schools that there must be literally thousands of high school students who can waltz through the show blindfolded? What possible relation does Arthur Miller's talky, middle-aged The Price bear to students as either performers or audiences? Except, perhaps, Miller does demonstrate that policemen are sometimes human, and that sibling rivalry can linger into middle-age.

Fortunately, the Festival program lists all entries in the contest, region by region and state by state, and it is possible to judge the nature of the competition.

Though it is not possible to tell how well anything was performed, it is possible to sort out a number of tendencies. First, contrary to one judge's claim, there were a number of original plays offered, aside from 365 Days, and a number of experimental pieces following up off-off-Broadway performances. In addition, there were a number of relevant plays, plays much more representative of current student interest than the Festival's Of Mice and Men. I include, as data, at least three offerings of Marat/Sade, at least three of Paul Foster's Tom Paine, and Indians, Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee; and unfamiliar titles such as America II, Untitled New Play, and Black Lysistrata.

Such a listing indicates that the final choices are not truly representative of what was offered, though it is conceivable that they were the most finished productions, and, of course, I have left out much of the obvious bilge that can be expected. But one reason bilge and bad bourgeois plays are offered is simply that the judges have demonstrated for three years that their sympathies lie in that area, and college directors would like to be represented in Washington.

Make no mistake, I applaud the Washington Festival, not for its achievements, of course, but for the intentions and possibilities of the Festival. By offering an annual showcase for the "finest" college theatre, the Kennedy Center and the Smithsonian elevate the aim of many college theatre programs. A genuine elevation of aim will mean a genuine elevation of the entire American theatre, and, most importantly, audiences will demand more of theatre than Broadway offers.

The Polish Group

Of prime importance this time around for the Festival, was the presence of the student theatre group from Warsaw. Poland is a major force in contemporary theatre, mostly because of the work of director Jerzy Grotowski. Grotowski's work, made known through performances of his Polish Lab Theatre throughout the world, has had probably more influence on world theatre than the work of any other living director.

The Zelwerowicz Theatre School reflects that influence, not through duplication of any of Grotowski's work, which is impossible, but through evidence of the same sort of seriousness and attention to skills. These students, so vastly superior in physical movement and awareness to the talented American students I observed, obviously achieve their superiority through comprehensive training of bodies and voices. The training of the Americans was most obvious, and still inadequate, in facial and vocal work.

Two productions were offered by the Polish Group; a piece called Exercises on Shakespeare and a piece called Acts. Acts is a series of acts removed from different plays by different playwrights and assembled into a single production. The four source plays are all by Polish playwrights, though they were composed about twenty years apart, beginning with Wyspianski's The Wedding from 1900 and moving through Witkiewicz's Mother and Gombrowicz's The Pledge to Slawomir Mrozek's Tango from 1964.

The success of the work deserves a great deal of discussion, but space forbids, so I must be satisfied with a brief piece of praise. Director Jerzy Jarocki demonstrates the possibilities of directorial creation through personal vision and existing texts. The combined plays, in different styles and with different moral messages, led Bardini and the student performers through a search for the constant and the faddish in the messages from these major writers.

It is possible to judge the achievement in these plays, in spite of their presentation in Polish, by the physical representation of each on a nearly bare stage. From the mythic Wedding to the greatly comic Mother, the change is manifested through the bodies and vocal representations of the performers, with costumes but without aging make-up. The transformation rings true visually and aurally, and reveals a comic actor of great skills along the way, Rafal A. Mickiewicz, the son in Mother. From The Pledge to Tango we move through a late expressionist work to a modern absurdist play without missing a beat. This is certainly good theatre, and student theatre at its best.

Exercises on Shakespeare is a work in another vein, but also a manifestation of directorial creativity approaching scenes and snippets of scenes from Shakespeare as fair game for invention. "To be or not to be" becomes a song, The Weird Sisters in Macbeth become a comic and intriguing dance team. Action flows into song, song into love-making and love-making into a duel. The ensemble company of actors remains present throughout, concentrating as audience when not involved in a scene, and taking roles as easily and surely as children taking roles in a game.

The credit for the Shakespeare piece must probably be shared between performers and the director as fellow creators, but the skill of the staging reflects great credit on director Alexsander Bardini.

Two American Groups

365 Days by Ronald J. Glasser, an original play based on the author's own book of the same name and his own experiences as an Army doctor, is a very important piece of theatre. The Theatre Festival and the sponsoring companies, American Oil and American Airlines, have done the city a great service by bringing the University of Minnesota's production to Washington.

The play is about Vietnam, about the day-to-day struggle of being a GI or a medic for the 365 days tour of duty. It doesn't deal with the abstract philosophical question of American presence in the war, or with the dramatic superconflict of incidents like My Lai, but with people, survival and death. Three constants of war.

Partially enacted, partially recited, the script is assembled from interviews and statements and constantly revised first person accounts of the war. It presents night patrols to us, in the jungle dark of an unlit stage. It reminds us of the daily routine of killing and the casualness with which GIs can slip from guerilla assasin to a man bitching in a chow line.

The horror of the conflict is naturally intensified by the selectivity of the material, but it is not a vicious play. Therefore, when two rows of the audience got up and left the theatre, one could only be amazed. Certainly those who walked out couldn't deny the truth of the material, and if they couldn't bear a half hour of the day-to-day truth of Vietnam, how could those upright, sensitive citizens demand 365 days of that gore, fear and obscenity from young men 18, 19 and 20 years old?

Glad as I am to see such a striking piece of theatre on such an important issue, especially in Washington where no theatre has yet had the audacity to present the revolutionary, sensitive and beautiful play, the elegant testament of Daniel Berrigan, The Trial of the Catonsville Nine, I must briefly list some faults.

The first few sequences in the play by the fatigue-clad men and women performers do create images of the hundreds of thousands of Americans who have lived out their 365 days in that war, or died, but the evolving images are too slow in reaching for a central image. A focus in the central text or a focusing bridge to carry us more thematically along is necessary; a focus aside from the simple, appropriate, questioning folk song that is used.

The ultimate image, the long and closing sequence in the burn ward is appropriately unforgettable and searing. The images of the body tortured by 80% burns and stripped of flesh by a whirlpool bath in a desperate hopeless attempt to save a life, agonizingly writhing with the coming of death; these images, and the single story they tell, should have more relation to the earlier sequences for an ultimately greater impact.

In addition, the poor physical training of student actors could be nowhere more apparent than here, where there is no set but sets created by the bodies of the actors. The strong emblematic physical demands of director H. Wesley Balk, were not fulfilled by the otherwise effective performances of his actors. American actors must be better trained to fulfill this otherwise successful and important development in American theatre.

Black Dragon Residence from the University of Hawaii represents an element otherwise missing from this year's Festival, evidence of the multi-racial, multinational heritage of the United States. Adapted by Daniel S. P. Yang from the traditional Peking Opera, Black Dragon Residence, is a comic and welcome addition to the American repertoire. While it is obvious that many changes had to be made, and much of what was traditional was either left out or transformed in the translation, the work is successfully accessible in Yang's production.

While the spoken passages of the work were in English, the sung portions were in Chinese, with translations flashed on screens; "not an old Chinese custom" the stage manager tells us. The musical accompaniment, that which was not recorded, was played by four very compelling Chinese performers on traditional instruments.

Black Dragon Residence was a delight to see. Perhaps it is a good preparation for a visit from the real Peking Opera, which the Kennedy Center should undertake to invite, now that it is possible.

Last Thoughts and Suggestions

The four programs I've written about made this year's festival worth having. My regards and respects to those who made it possible. But next year I hope for a better selection of plays, so that more evenings could be valuable.

It is the responsibility of college theatres to confront and engage the issues that dominate and divide the campuses they serve. Of all the Festival's offerings, I believe only 365 Days, in its stark, dreadful images of Vietnam, expressed any of the deep and largely political feeling on United States campuses. The blandness of the choices may represent the shallow commitments of many theatre departments, narcissistically wallowing in "Art," but they are certainly alien to the campuses. For the last three years, the College Theatre Festival has managed to coincide with massive rounds of student protest against the Vietnam War. Those protests, on the whole, have had more theatricality and deep feeling and commitment than any of the Art offered by the colleges. If the schools can't all offer original and important work on the scale of 365 Days, they can at least offer work with more relation to life than The Little Foxes.

The colleges might even, anything's possible, seek out scripts for integrated casts. There are blacks in the colleges of this country, not to mention Indians and others.

For the sponsors: I suggest a massive reduction in ticket prices. It may only cost a student $2.50 to see one show, but ten shows would cost $25, and most students don't have that much money. There should be no thought of recouping losses or expenses through student admissions. It would probably make good sense to charge minimal fees, a quarter or fifty cents, in order to distribute tickets, but this sort of Festival can only be valuable to student audiences if they can afford to see the productions.

In addition, the major theatre schools of this country are not represented in the Festival, by their own choice. They may not wish to be involved in the play competitions, but teachers and ensembles from such schools as Yale, NYU and California Institute of the Arts could be invited for continuing workshops for Festival participants.

In fact, the Smithsonian might install an important experimental group, such as the Performance Group in the museum through the run of the Festival. It's a thought.

FOUR MINUS ONE

by Ned Chaillet

One-Act Plays by Oliver Hailey, Harold Pinter and Raleigh Bond at the Washington Theatre Club.

A VERY SHORT and briefly funny joke by Oliver Hailey opens Theatre Club's evening of one-act plays. Called ANIMAL, the play is the sort of inconsequential curtain-raiser that is seen too rarely nowadays. It is simply a one-woman monologue delivered to a daughter in an invisible tree about the dangers of climbing trees. The father, it seems, died falling out of a tree, the victim, presumably, of the woman's persistent bitching.

If Animal doesn't exactly kick the evening off at a high level, at least it's short and does kick the evening off. Many theatre evenings this season never got kicked off at all.

After Animal, we settle into the familiar Pinter world of THE BASEMENT; a world which is another room like the many rooms in Pinter's work. Like those other rooms, this is a room threatened by invasion and inundated with a menace of an always unclear sexual design. The man, Law, alone and seemingly the keeper of the room as the play begins, is soon welcoming an old friend and roommate, Stott, and Stott's "friend" Jane, as they pay an unexpected visit.

Immediately after their arrival, Stott and Jane shed their clothes and occupy Law's bed. Years pass, bedmates move around, and someday, sometime, this game ends with a murder and begins again.

The Basement was originally a film script, broadcast over BBC and including Pinter as Stott. Except for the dialogue, most of it, and minor details such as the script's call for nudity, the stage production is almost entirely in opposition to the mood of the film script. As a key point of difference, and indicative of the crudeness of the transformation, Pinter calls for Law to be reading an illustrated Persian Love Manual as the action begins. In director Bill Walton's production, the love manual has evolved into an enormously oversized book featuring playmates-of-different-months, visible at the back of the theatre.

Since the production makes use of film, rather distractingly attempting to duplicate some of Pinter's delicate film effects, it probably would have made better sense to film a Persian love manual, perhaps showing some of the illustrations from Law's point of view as he giggles at the book. Perhaps that could have been shown instead of the film we do see, of plants in the rain. But there are problems throughout, including the switches from season to season, which don't come off, and the vague, floating British accents.

In spite of the obvious problems, and the alien tone of the staging, there is some interest in the staged version, and it doesn't get a chance to bore; confuse, perhaps, but not bore. If the still filmic cuts and fades can be more smoothly integrated into the play, and the cast seemed to be making progress opening night, the production should gain in strength and interest as the run continues.

The third play, Raleigh Bond's THE DEADLY DELILAH, is, like Hailey's play, a joke. But it doesn't have the redeeming briefness of Animal, requiring as it does, 15 characters and half the evening.

The joke, good enough in its intention, is to spoof and pay homage to the Bogart films of the forties. Springing mostly from The Maltese Falcon, the play pits "hard-boiled, steel-fisted private eye" Matthew Fallon against all the insurmountable odds that ever confronted Humphrey Bogart in his bad-good-guy image.

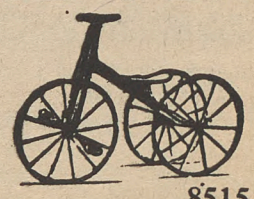
Fallon, admirably self-sufficient and relentless in Edmund Day's careful characterization, is lured by women, hired by a Sidney Greenstreet-styled millionaire and beaten and shot at by police, gamblers and the requisite Peter Lorre-butler. The crux of the plot is the search for "The Deadly Delilah," a poisonous plant containing a tape recording worth a million dollars.

The title of nearly every Bogart film turns up in the dialogue, perhaps all of them do, but I'm not enough of a Bogart fan to have noticed. If you are a Bogart fan, that may be reason enough to see the play.

The jokes are obvious, very burlesque, and sometimes funny. There are some devious turnings in the plot, even if they are familiar from the films, and much of the staging is fast-paced enough to keep you awake.

There is one real good reason for seeing the play, however, and that is Edmund Day's performance-impersonation of the Bogart hero. The role may not be distinguished, but Day does distinguish himself. If you wait, you'll probably get to see him in better parts, but this part does prove that he'll manage to stay around. His ablest assistance in the play comes from Mickey Hartnett, properly "spoiled and pampered" as the enchantress debutante.

THE BICYCLE PLACE



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POETRY

Poem

I never made it to Morroco,
Paris, Tangiers, Tokyo, Madrid.
I just live here in Newark
& wait, for Morroco, Paris,
Tangiers, Tokyo & Madrid to
make it to me, here in Newark.

LOOK

We learned to live
without the revolution
until the revolution

IN THE DISTANCE

In the distance called My Father
I rode my innocence down, rode it
down on its hands and knees like
the people whose dance created the world

What do we know about the world
or the distance we create for our personal atmosphere

What we know is the way we fall
when we fall off the little we ride
when we ride away from the things we're given
to make us forget the things we gave up

How far is it to where my son
will break my bones and dance on them

HOW WE GOT OUT OF THE 60S

1. THE SIXTIES
Robert Bly could put his hands in his pockets while naked

2. LOVE
was when you wanted somebody
more than they wanted you
but you thought they wanted you
as much as you wanted them

3. REVOLUTION
One of those days
when you got up and
walked, only
without the artificial moon

4. AFTER THE WAR
I would find myself
in South Carolina
A little girl would come up to me
and touching me, ask:
aren't you cold?

5. POETRY
If I could hold bits of straw, still warm from the bird
that lived in the nest they came from, in the palm of
my hand, why couldnt I touch you

MY GRANDFATHER TRYING TO SLEEP:::THE POTATO

dreaming of the potato
he lived in it
he loved it & gave birth to another
he felt his arms and noticed the potato skin
he was hard and white and something to chew inside

my arm aches feels it has been acupunctured
it drains and smells rotten
like a bad potato

in my grandfathers dreams &
in my dreams of him

the potatoes are roses

he carried one, gnarled & petrified
to ward off the arthritis, like copper

the hill we lived on: monster potato
the neighborhood called Potato Hill
if you dug too deep the earth was white, wet & hard that gave

with people there has been trouble
with the potato we have been happy

MARTIN BLOCK & THE MAKE BELIEVE BALLROOM

In the doorways of open apartments and musty storerooms
on the side of a hill and under the ruins of some gas
station these good times we write our poems out of become
becoming, are and were, the air that moves through all those
things and even in the abandoned refrigerators on the old
porches the rusty sleds in the cellar

We can find
some atmosphere that gives
as well as takes away

MICHAEL LALLY

AT THE MOVIES

by Washington Reviewing Society
Mark Power

THE DECAMERON
FREAKS
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
THE SORROW AND THE PITY

Pier Paolo Pasolini's Decameron opens in the silence of dawn with a series of swift, yet reflective cuts that leaves one dazzled with their perceptive, almost palpable quality of intelligence. Unfortunately, once sound is heard – in the form of conversation – the director begins to intercut between two people in a series of tight, head-and-shoulders shots. For me, the mood was shot, and I settled down to watch an interesting, sometimes funny, but rarely inspired visualization of Bocaccio's Decameron.

The closeness of the camera also revealed the artifice involved in the film... For example, the costumes, which remained costumes because of their unnatural cleanliness. Surely, people whom the history books tell us bathed once a year would not wear clothes just back from the dry cleaners. One also becomes aware of the incredible variety of misshapen teeth prevalent in 14th Century Italy: one remorseless tight shot after another turns us into dentists instead of viewers. And a final cavail: to use the vernacular, Pasolini weilds a fierce ugly-stick in this film. Rarely have I seen a more uncomely group of naked actresses in one movie. And take heart, ladies; the men are no prettier. Only more modest. Thank God.

All that aside, the film does have some funny bits of rabelaisia involving scatalogical thievery and amorous knavery. Nuns and cuckolds are the fall guys, as usual, and man's foibles as revealed by Bocaccio are honestly served by Pasolini in a kind of literal, uninspired way.

A viewpoint might've helped; this film isn't The Gospel According to Saint Matthew, which was inspired by Pasolini's view of Christ as a kind of pacific Che Guevera.

Playing with The Decameron at the Outer Circle 1 was Tod Browning's charming movie, Freaks. You might well ask, as I did, what is the connection? The answer was not long in coming; about a third of the way into this 1932 classic, the mother of some of the freaks is revealed to be a Mrs. Pasolini!

The use of the word 'charming' was not meant to be satirical; Freaks really does have charm. First of all, the freaks – and there are all kinds in this movie, ranging from basket cases to pinheads to midgets – are, one and all, a superior collection of human beings, captivating with their frank and ingenuous display of honest feelings. The entire film is pervaded with a kind of innocence, a charming naivete that in art is usually called 'primitive'.

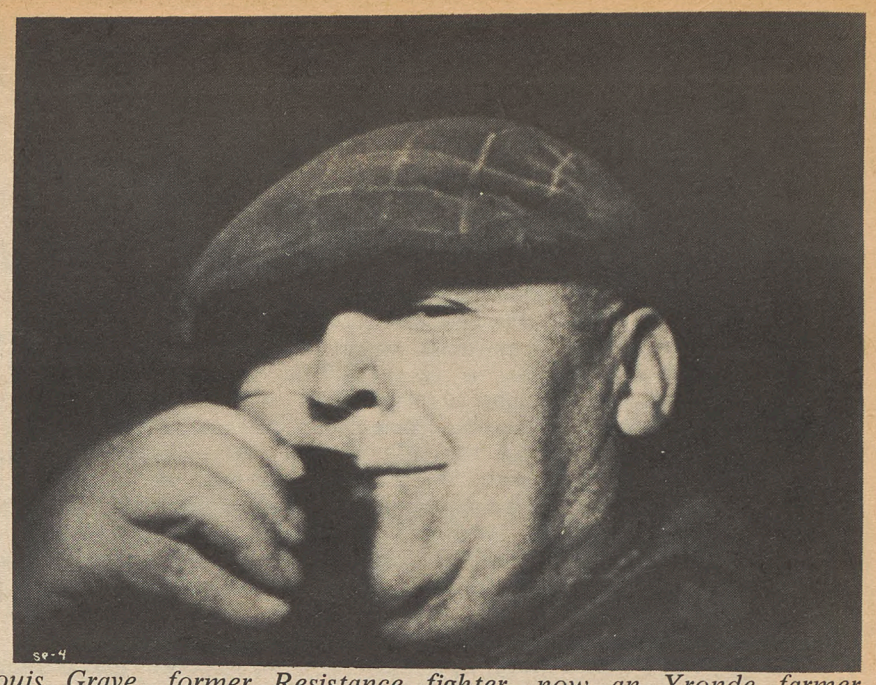
The scene involving Mrs. Pasolini is a particularly affecting one – Mrs. Pasolini and her charges, a group of microcephalic 'children' bizarrely dolled up by a circus to resemble oriental eunuchs, are out in the woods for a stroll when they are accused of trespassing by the owners of the land. It is our first introduction to the stars of the film and Mrs. Pasolini's kind motherliness and the sweetness revealed by the pathetic freaks set a tone of compassion that is sustained throughout the film.

The creaky improbability of a plot revolves about the love of a midget named Hans (who is a little freakish, I have to admit; his doll's face seems accompanied by a doll-like mind; battery-activated, in other words) for a muscular queen of the trapeze named Cleopatra. Their romance is clouded by the fact that Cleo is after Hans' money, not his little heart. There is a classic wedding scene which I have to believe influenced Bunuel and a somewhat abbreviated scene of revenge which features lightening-lit vignettes of the freaks with knives in their teeth. The trouble is, the freaks are so nice, one has difficulty believing that they are capable of revenge. Nevertheless, it is carried out and does not in the least mar the humanism that is sustained throughout the film, a humanism that lingers in the mind long after one has forgotten the technical crudities of Browning's classic.

Night of the Living Dead has its own share of freaks, of course. It's been around since 1968, and since then has been resolutely ignored by the Establishment who dismissed it as the grade B horror flick it purports to be. The Circle Theater and the viewers have given it a different reception however; it is now firmly established as an underground classic; almost everyone in the theater with me had seen it one or more times.

The plot is predictably silly; a satellite has run amok and is beaming radiation down to earth causing dead people to rise up and eat alive people. There is a lot of stalking and a lot of eating and a lot of complications thereof, some of which have probably made this film the favorite that it is. For example, the hero of the piece is a black man. I hesitate to aver symbolically black, but there it is, make of it what you want. And then there are the pathological subtleties such as children murdering their parents and dining on them. And there's no happy ending and that's all I'll tell you about that. And one must note that the ghouls look like you and me except maybe a little deader. Several keep reoccuring like unwanted visitors: a fat man in his shorts, an old woman in her nightie. All these touches take Night out of the usual grade B syndrome. And then there's the sheriff, perhaps the most strongly developed character in the movie. He is a variation of the Southern stereotype. He swaggers into the last third of the movie, literally swathed in what could be interpreted as infantile phallic symbols – cigars stuck in his hatband, shotgun shells strung over his chest – dispensing pungent bits of pig wisdom and polishing off ghouls with a fine disregard for their rights. And he causes the offbeat ending.

It is the ending, I think, that is responsible for this film's status as an underground classic. There are macabre stop-motion images of meathooks (very hard to describe this without actually giving away the ending), and then the credits and then the powerful metaphor of a bonfire which lingers on the screen for some moments before it goes blank. [Note to the Circle Theater: please don't turn up the house lights until the movie is really over.] Visually I can't remember a stronger ending to a movie; that one image of fire sums up and distills for one the entire experiences of Night of the Living Dead.



Louis Grave, former Resistance fighter, now an Yronde farmer.

Well, maybe not the entire experience. Night began life as a low-budget quickie designed to provide drive-in aficionados with something to do besides doing 'it', and as such it reflects much of B picture conventions. Eighty percent of it is shot indoors and the interior lighting is routinely mechanical, as is a good deal of the photography. Characterization, with the notable exception of the sheriff, is pretty routine, too. So, in many respects, it fails to transcend its heritage. But in other respects – well, go and see it for yourself.

Marcel Ophul's gargantuan documentary, The Sorrow and the Pity, has nothing to do with freaks or ghouls or the Decameron, either, for that matter. It just happened to be the final blockbuster in a week's worth of weird viewing. I staggered out of the Outer Circle, after 4½ hours, feeling very ambivalent about the film. Had not our kind host provided us with delicious barbeque sandwiches, I doubt if I could have survived. As you will have to make do with machine popcorn – well, maybe you should pack a lunch because the main attribute one has to bring to this film is one of endurance; in short, it is a physical experience as well as a fairly heavy intellectual trip.

If Night of the Living Dead was a film that transcended its content, Sorrow is a film that is transcended by its subject matter. That is, it would be difficult to make a 4½ hour film about the German occupation of France and not have it be interesting in some respect. What I am trying to say is that Sorrow is an often interesting, frequently tedious, indulgently edited documentary that works despite itself. First, the length. It is easily 2½ hours too long. There is no reason why Ophuls could not have tightened this film considerably without sacrificing the subtlety that the subject demands. One is forced to draw the conclusion that Ophuls needs a good editor. He also needs somebody with a good eye; all too often he falls prey to the documentarian's addiction to the close-up image, incessant repetition of which dulls the mind in short order. The result of so many nostril hairs, pores, creases and wrinkles is physionomy instead of sensitivity; more often than not, the verbal acuteness is deadened by the visual clumsiness.

Photographically, an ordinary effort; merely competent might be a kinder description, no worse or no better than the documentary specials one might find on the tube in any given week. The material of this film, though, is something else again. And one must give Ophuls his due. Through adroit intercutting he has given the German occupation of France the substance it deserves. He gives it the complexity it demands by interviewing a wide cross-section of French society – from the working-class to the bourgoisie to the aristocracy and all of the political spectrum they represent. He also interviews statesmen and English intelligence agents and German soldiers. In short, his research was intelligent and his diligence admirable. He took an extremely complex socio-political historical subject and met it head on, without fear, and with intelligence and for that he deserves the critical acclaim this film has garnered. It's just too bad he's not more of a filmmaker. Instead of scholarly research alone, we might have gotten inspiration as well.

The measure of understanding I gained from this film was seriously marred by the bias of the questioner, who, in most cases, was Ophuls himself. That bias might be described as 'leftist-liberal' and was most often expressed by leading questions which not only posed the question but also frequently supplied the answer. Despite this the interviewees, for the most part, resisted the suggestions and gave answers that were notable for their lucidity. For example, there was the role of Pierre Laval, a well-fleshed portrait that, to me, was tainted by Ophuls' biases. Not that I don't believe that Laval was a self-serving puppet of the Petain 'regime'; at the same time, I would have liked another view besides that of Ophuls and Laval's son-in-law, Conte de Chambrun, who was acidly depicted as a kind of feudal baron.

The statesmen of the time emerge as three-dimensional human beings, particularly Pierre Mendes-France and Anthony Eden, and, to a lesser extent, Petain himself, president of the Vichy government. More peripheral, and perhaps deservedly so, are such figures as Churchill and de Gaulle. But it is the ordinary man – no matter his class – that really shines in this film. It is his testimony, interspliced with news and propaganda film – inevitably accompanied by sadly bombastic music – that makes Sorrow an important contribution towards understanding this era of French history.

I was particularly struck by the testimony of a French aristocrat, Christian de La Maziere, who, during the Occupation, went along with the Vichy government and, in fact, served as an officer in the 'Charlemagne Division' of the Waffen S S, an outfit entirely made up of Frenchmen wearing German uniforms. It was clear that in Ophuls' rather black-and-white mind Maziere was little short of a traitor for having served a discredited government and having fought in the enemy's uniform. But in the course of a very long interview, not a portion of which I would have cut, Maziere reveals that not everyone had the benefit of hindsight. Patiently and with admirable objectivity, he explains his motives which reveal that paradox and contradiction were indispensable elements of the truth.

It is clear, after seeing this film, that the truth about such a complex subject remains elusive as long as the participants are still alive and therefore have motives for concealment. It seems incredible to me that historians are ever able to understand, much less honestly discover, the meaning of any era in history; it seems that if there are witnesses they will inevitably conceal. If there are no witnesses remaining, then it is time that does the concealing.

ART

by DAVID TANNOUS

What Allan Bridge is doing is more complicated than it looks. As in a joke, this means both good news and bad news. The bad news is that a number of people will poke their heads into the exhibition room, gaze blankly at the long walls covered with his pictures, and leave.

The good news is that if the viewer stays with it, if he takes the time to look and let his eyes adjust to what he sees, he will find more than he expected. The pictures will "unfold," a number of relationships will become apparent, and what has seemed needless repetition will become a set of meaningful variations.

Among other things, most obviously in these works Bridge is conducting experiments in color and perception. They take the form of twenty-three large paintings – acrylic paint on rag paper – now hanging in the second floor studio/gallery/home of Lucy Clark and Bob Stark at 1636 Connecticut Avenue, NW. Directly over a bar and next door to a movie theater, the Clark-Stark holding has a huge front room with a large window that allows a vast quantity of light to pour in. It's an exacting display area – any deficiency is instantly obvious – but Bridge's work not only can stand up to the light, it needs it.

A single shape is used in each painting – a twelve-sectioned circular form that appears to be a group of rectangular blocks set on end in a radial arrangement, inner edges touching, around a central empty core. It looks like a gear perhaps, or some undiscovered Stonehenge, or a thick-bladed turbine without a shaft. Each of the twelve "blocks" in the painting is a separate color, and at first the form seems useful simply as a carrier for a group of colors – a spectrum band that has turned into a ring.

Then some intriguing inconsistencies arise. In this "straight-forward" text–book representation, the perspective is wrong. Given the shape of the sides, we should not be able to see so much of the top – we are being offered two views at once.

Yet, in contrast to this overall "double" perspective, there is an absence of it in each block: internal divisions are lacking, only the outline is shown. We still can "see" the "three-dimensional" block, having been taught that certain flat areas are representations of three-dimensional objects, but we are suddenly less sure, because a number of visual clues are gone. Perhaps that two-dimensional area, painted with an unmodulated sweep of color, is nothing more than an oddly-formed flat shape. Our eyes and our conviction waver as the form moves back and forth between two dimensions and three.

The symmetry and the positioning of the form give no help in resolving the ambiguity; in fact, they add to it. With two deep "V's" of the white ground moving into the work between the pairs of blocks at the top and bottom, and the outer edges of the two sets of side blocks coinciding, a certain heraldic or totemic quality is suggested. A "primitive" symmetrical elaboration of design, seemingly flat at the outer edges, where the separate blocks are contrasted only with the white ground, paradoxically becomes almost three-dimensional towards the center, where the blocks interact with each other.

It is obvious then that Bridge has developed a superb working form: one that consistently tests our perceptions and refutes any absolute conclusions. We can see this even in a black and white photo of one of his paintings. But this gives nothing of his involvement with color, which is the major purpose - and success–of the show.

Bridge is interested in the three variables of color – hue, chroma, and value – and how their juxtaposition and manipulation can alter perception. Covering each block with many thin layers of acrylic paint built up to a single, undifferentiated sweep of color, he carries out changes in steps, moving between one tone and another around the curve of the form.

The moves occur in any one – or all – of three ways. The hue itself, what we ordinarily think of as "color," can be altered, as in a shift from red to orange to yellow. The chroma of the color, its strength or intensisty, can be increased or decreased, as in the change that takes red to pink. Finally, the value, or the relative darkness/lightness of the color on a black/white scale, can be made higher or lower.

Complicating the situation, and increasing the number of possible steps, is the fact that the action of any one color can be intensified – or dissipated – by the effect of the color on either side. It's like a three-dimensional chess game, where every move can have far-reaching and sometimes unexpected implications.

Bridge makes the moves, but in his own way. He has discarded the intuitive arrangement, the haphazard exploration. "There is a basic division in the choice of investigations," he says. "You can look into the possibilities of structured order or take the possibilities of intuitive order. Almost all the other color painters take the 'aesthetic' position – they say 'this color looks good next to that color,' and that's how they decide what to paint. I don't."

Bridge, who had a background in physics ("I was one of those kids whose lives were changed by Sputnik.") before he moved into art, uses a highly structured sequential set of changes. Setting himself a problem, to push a blue, say, toward a yellow, he makes an equally spaced series of moves, altering what he needs in the hue, chroma, and value along the way. "Except that I never really get all the way" he points out. "I can start with "A" and add increasing amounts of "Z", but I never get to "Z" – to "K" maybe, but I never get rid of "A" completely."

Getting there or not, Bridge makes his moves so exactly that they can be plotted as various kinds of curves on the color solid – that imaginary three-dimensional construction that relates the three color variables. "It helps," he says, "to understand color conceptually as well as empirically. I think in terms of dimensional relationships. When I put the color on, I eyeball it, but the mathematical connection always is there."

Although the direction and degrees of movement can be calculated beforehand, the result is unpredictable, which, Bridge maintains, is part of what makes the exercise worth doing. "It's a lot like a musical scale," he explains. "A small difference can be disturbing – and that can be good, it can shake you up. Enormous jumps can be easier to take, but they won't show you anything about relationships. Most harmony comes with step changes, but it depends on the steps."

The side by side changes, of course, aren't the only ones that have effect in his work. Because of the circular form that contains the colors, unexpected confrontations between rather disparate tones can occur from any direction, as all the blocks approach each other at the center. And a change between blue and yellow that evolves gradually around the form becomes startling when the final yellow stands next to the beginning blue.

Bridge isn't against adding a few other complications. Making use of the eye's tendency to see the "warm" colors as being closer than the "cool," he sometimes reverses the effect, confusing the viewer, by placing the warm colors to the rear, where their continuation into the "empty" core makes that plane pop out and cancels the perspective. "I like to go against certain natural orders," he explains, dead-pan.

Each work, then, becomes something of an experimental record, a trial of various ideas to see what effect they have in actualization. And, as in most experimentation, some of the efforts are more successful than others.

The early works, placed in the rear "L" of the room, are clearly exploratory moves. The symmetry is slightly off, and eye-catching one- or two-block sections of contrasting color capture too much attention. The paintings on the long left wall, dealing with more uniform colors, have greater assurance, and an easy flow among all parts of each painting is maintained, with the eye being directed back and forth as if in a pin-ball machine.

It is the works on the right wall, though, the six paintings of the gray series, Bridge's latest efforts, that are the best things in the show. Stepping down both value and chroma, Bridge has produced what at first looks like a collection of nondescript gray and silver tones, without the obvious attraction of the more colorful specimens on the other walls.

But go closer and look. Out of all that gray, colors emerge – yellow-green and violet, blue and red-violet, yellow and red, violet and orange, They appear to pulse, appearing and disappearing in the gray, reinforcing each other across the form.

Here, Bridge has abandoned the usual progression from hue to hue around the rim of the color wheel. Using gray as an intermediary and carrier, he can move any color into neutrality and then out, transformed into any other color. He's passing through the central axis of the color solid; if the equation for these moves were plotted, they would be straight lines rather than curves.

It's a fade-out fade-in process that allows for the compatibility of supposedly incompatible colors. Held in the suspension of gray, the clashing, opposite hues work well with each other, the hint of opposition giving life to the painting, the covering gray making it possible for them to live together. In fact, a couple of color combinations that, at greater chroma, destroyed some of Bridge's earlier pieces are present in the gray series, but reconciled and perfectly beautiful.

Bridge plans to go on working out the grays; then he wants to try a series near white. Whatever he does, if the development continues at the same rate that occurs between the limits of this show, he'll be doing extraordinary things very soon. He's doing wonderful things right now. Catch his show before it closes on May 20; you'll do yourself a favor. The hours are Wednesday – Friday, 3 p.m. to 8 p.m.; Saturday – Sunday, noon to 6 p.m.

A COLORING BOOK

"Who says you have to stay between the lines when you color?" asks D. C. Artist Di Stovall.

Di's coloring book, "WHAT IF. . .," a publishing project of the Corcoran Workshop, has provoked favorable comment in both artists' and children's circles-which are often the same. It is a coloring book with no preconceptions, one that has fewer boundaries than the run-of-the-mill, mind-binding, you-can-almost-see-the-numbers variety found in most kiddie corners.

Di says she started working on "WHAT IF. . ." after spending the summer out west where she was inspired by both the natural beauty of the land and by the natural exhuberance of her nieces and nephews. The coloring book is a synthesis of the two. It is a work of art as well as play.

Many of the drawings are ecological in theme such as "Bikes Have Equal Rights," and "Plant Trees." There are ecology flags with the facing page depicting different types of pollution.

Others are merely delightfully galloping flights of fancy. My favorite is the drawing of a family all sitting properly at a dinner table waiting politely for Mom to serve, while over their heads some renegade kid who's got to be me, but who Di probably thinks is her, is swinging blithely on a chandelier.

There's plenty of good pacing in "WHAT IF. . .." For instance, right next to the swinging chandelier drawing is one consisting only of a great big capital R.

"You might want to draw your own pictures inside that one," Di suggests. But then again, you can just color the whole R one big blue if you want, Di won't mind. And it's guaranteed trouble-free for colorers who still persist in trying to stay between the lines.

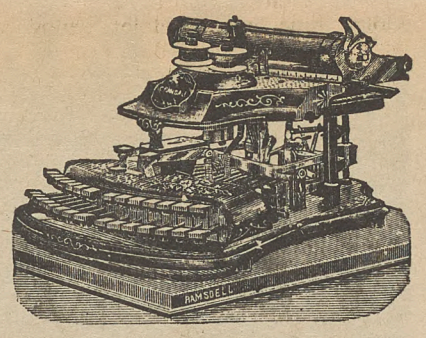
Then there are several like the drawing of several townhouses with just the outline of the same drawing on the facing page. I can think of no better way to develop your kids' (and your) imagination and visual perception.

Besides being the most imaginative coloring book I've ever seen, it must also be the thickest. I can see it keeping all of us busy for at least a year of rainy afternoons.

Locally, "WHAT IF. . ." is available at Ursell's and the Door Store. The coloring books, which cost $1.50, can also be ordered from WOODWIND by mail, as a convenience to our readers.

Now where did you put my crayons? *Judith Willis*

This page is how one WOODWIND staffer filled in Di's townhouse outline. Di's version, reduced, is shown above.



BOOKS

THE SCENE by MIKE JAHN
Bernard Geis Associates, 210 pages, $5.95 cloth

Reviewed By William Holland

This novel about the rock scene in New York is one of those tawdry and primitively written little numbers that would never even get a review anywhere if it had not been written by someone in the public view.

The someone is rock critic Mike Jahn, who, as you might know, pronounces his music criticism from the good old New York Times. His columns are also circulated through the Times' wire service to papers all over the country.

Well, his reviews and comments are okay, usually, but this thing is just a piece of shit.

Jahn's "product," ostensibly written for the readers of this world who like a little diddling with their doo-wah's, is basically the story of Lori Thomas, a groupie, but, see, she's a sensitive, talented and classy one. And she's got it bad for one Gino Henley.

Henley is a sketchily drawn, monodimensional character who is supposed to be Jimi Hendrix, Johnny Winter and lord knows who else, the kind of stud dude who makes little girls and big girls like Lori wet their pants at the very sight of him and his big er um guitar.

Anyway, Jahn spends only about 100 pages of the book telling us very badly about how Lori wakes up, how Lori leaves her hotel room and how Lori hangs out at the New York Scene, which as the liner notes point out, in the "mecca to the stars and the superstars." Jahn also beats most porno authors with the number of suck-fuck sequences throughout the 100 pages, all of them written with about as much emotional depth as a page in a girlie mag.

Anyway, Lori sucks and fucks her way to Henley, who she's just dying for, but . . .ho ho. . .wait a minute! Lori has. . .other. . .talents!

Why yes, she's been hanging out with the stars so long she can strum a guitar and sing herself. Why she is even recording an album. (Jahn also spends a chapter telling us how records are made. How about that, gang?) Her manager is the boy she used to suck and fuck before it got so that the only guys she could communicate with were stars.

Anyway, Lori is humiliated in the climactic section of this hep, heavy and feelthy leetle story–after being given some hash, she swoons into a sucking fit, but Henley won't let her fuck him–and golly, everybody saw her do it. Tee hee.

So she mopes around a few days, and then her old boyfriend says he understands, hugs and kisses her, and makes everything better. Into the recording studio she goes again! Outasight music results! The album comes out! She falls in love with her manager! The album hits the charts! She's this season's new superstar. Why, she's getting standing ova. . .zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

Sorry. Dozed off for a moment.

Oh. So that's ~~that~~ part of the book. The other half is composed of long, rambling pseudo-interviews a la Rolling Stone, little discourses of the backstage variety of what's what in day to day rock tours and concerts, and so on. I'm not exactly clear on why they're in the book, since we don't know who's interviewing, who's discoursing, but since they're fitted in between the juicy chapters, I assume it's an attempt to get that hep and heavy shift in viewpoint, you know, because the Lori story is evidently supposed to be supercharged with intense emotion. Or. something.

I wish I could tell you that Jahn writes the book with good humor–something along the lines of Candy, but I'm afraid he's earnest in offering all this offal. I'm not doubting at all the veracity of Jahn's descriptions–anybody knows there's goings on like the stuff in this book–but it's just so poorly written, so superficial. There is plenty of room for a good novel here, but Jahn either chose to hack out a mondo rocko or is so incompetent a writer that he isn't, as the Times archly puts it, "fit to print."

Let him be printed, though. In a great country like ours, there's no reason why zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

....talking of Michelangelo

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DADDY'S DAUGHTER BY DAVID WHAM

August came now, grown cool as sixty in the nighttime, the streets become sepulchral after ten. Rachel and I, too, slowed. The hard grabbing up-on-the-shoulders-and-over-to-the-office of summer became fond lame pats as fall approached. On Labor Day, I had Rachel's sun-white hair cut again, a cap cut fluffing out around the ears, which left her being surprised and dizzy looking in those lit, blue eyes as she preened for herself in the mirror. She was a vain little thing, that was for sure. And she developed a will of her own in the month of August. It was as though at last, she'd really moved in with me to stay.

Her voice was birdlike, warbling always on the edge of breakage, and then rasping off into a flash of bright colors, a pinwheel of screaming out of her mouth as she yelled and gave orders.

"You lie DOWN, hear me?" And she'd shove me down on that cushionless couch, a ramming butt of her head in my gut, and then her hands, amazingly strong, pulling me down by the shoulders.

"You KNOW better, hear me? You KNOW better. Me gonna SPANK you roll over right now, ME GONNA SPANK, hear me? Hear me, Daddy?

And she would go uproot a moist towel that had been stepped into the rug from our bath the night before, unwad it, shake it out, and bring it toward me in her fingers, totally serious, her tummy thrust forward and not a glimmer of a laugh in her eye. Slowly, closing my eyes, I felt the fetid thing come down on me and then a pat on the cheek, a birdy little kiss that tickled; and then she would be off across the room, humming tuneless and high, keeping her courage up like a little mommy herself. The sweeping would start. Opening one eye, I saw her with the toy broom in that dusky room. She swept the rug, picking up what she couldn't budge with her broom, my shoes which she piled like logs by the fireplace. She went back into the bathroom and swept that out. She made small piles along the way, neat ones, much neater than I could make. She was in no hurry. I heard her go into the bedroom, sweeping the floor and the closets out and beating the crib with the broomstick as she had seen me do. Then she came forward with all the piles, with all the heavy articles, dusty dolls, a shocking-pink dog and our discarded shirts from three days ago, solemn, breathing heavy. I raised my head, squinting just barely so she wouldn't spot me and get mad, perhaps spank me again. I watched her go get her red plastic pan out of the corner, load up the piles, grunting, and drop the trash into open paper sacks, which had once contained six-packs of beer, before the yellow-painted coffee table, beside the red-brick wall, near the door. It was some operation. She had

I got up and pulled her into my arms.

"Store?"

"Sure, store, Rachel."

I pulled her plaid coat on her, which was already too small, and we went outside into the balmy Saturday afternoon. Up the street and across the park and down past the school, past the swings, Rachel reaching back to them but me hauling her along before it grew too dark. Then, turning a corner by a neon delicatessen, we were on East Capitol, which, with its houses and hedges, had the air of a small-town street. At the opposite corner up the way was a tiny store where a fat lady sat at the cash register all day long, grousing at the customers. Her eyes glinted as we came in now she pushed her glasses down hard on her putty nose, and sat forward on her stool, her arms clenching fatly around her.

"So what does she want today?" her sarcastic voice cut through that lard in her throat, "squishy or chewy?"

"What?"

"Candy. She always wants candy, don't she?" She said, a grim smile, her voice growing harder.

And already Rachel was straining on my shoulders toward the great spongy gobs of goo interlarded between the cans of real food behind this fierce, triumphant, candy-ass lady.

"Okay. We'll take one thing," I said, turning sideways so that Rachel had to lean over my head and wouldn't fall on hers. The lady handed her the biggest welt of caramel crud you ever saw, and Rachel tore into its wrapper furiously. She bit into cellophane in her haste to get to it, and I had to garasp it away from her, listening to whines and squeals as I picked the rest off, and then handed it back. I leaned with her to gather up beer and orange juice and milk and cheese, straightened totteringly, paid, and got out.

The streets were vacant, it was near dusk. We walked up to Sixth to turn left toward "C", Northeast, where we lived. We were just walking along, or rather I was walking, with Rachel on my shoulders, when all at once I heard a dazzling scream of steel and electricity and turned as one of the sky-blue and white Metropolitan Police cars gunned by at eighty miles per hour. It was followed by two black and red, unmarked cars, flashing and speeding, and then two paddy wagons, all travelling with that ghostly scream at the same rate.

"Noi-sy," Rachel said. "Stu-pid noi-sy, Dad-dy," very sure of herself.

"Noi-sy, Rachel. Stu-pid, Rachel."

"NO!" She slapped the top of my head. "Not Rachel. Duh cahs!"

"The police cars?"

"Unh-hahhh!" in singsong, meaning yes.

"So you don't like the police cars, you think the police cars are stupid?"

"Unh-hahhh!"

I guess she'd picked that up from me, from my tense nervousness on the street several months ago whenever I heard a siren and jumped.

I didn't give a damn now. We were too close to the end. If I won the case for her custody, we'd move. If I lost, who cared? I'd sit in there and drink and if anyone came to the door after dark, I'd blow his head off for the sheer fun of it. Up ahead, the cops were turning fast up the wrong-way mouth of "C" Street. We crossed the point of grassy land off Massachusetts Avenue and then we were there.

"Look at that, Rachel!"

There were about nine cars with their lights flashing on the street and in the center, over the old car tracks, was a tarp with somebody under it. We crossed the street, went to the edge of our house, and looked up the alley. There was another tarp halfway up the alley, covering somebody else. I looked up at the top of the row of buildings opposite us and there were two padded men up there with helmets and shotguns. I picked Rachel off my shoulders, knowing it was foolish to stay outside, but no longer cared; held her to my chest and stared up that alley, waiting for some-

That alley didn't go through, but turned around the backs of the houses to the right. There was the back of a house dead-flush ahead, the gold of the last twilight just tinging the windows, the panes broken out in the basement. Something moved in there, I saw a wisp of white through the dark twigs before the basement window, and then there was a crash, harsh and breaking. The cops came running from the turn in the alley, poking their guns out and shooting blindly as I remembered once shooting a rabbit. Their guns crashed and were silent, crashed again, were silent. The cops gathered around the window so that we could not see it any longer, pointing their long guns in jerky, kicking motions, now raising up on their toes and shooting down into it flat. There was a pathetic flicher of white inside, then nothing. In a moment, a long suave ambulance rolled by in reverse, sliding sibilantly between the buildings Something was drawn and hoisted out of the basement window and loaded in, alongside the tarp and what had been under it. Then the ambulance glided past, its light not spinning, going the other way, and the policemen dispersed like players leaving a field after a game, tired out from having played hard and well. And then only Rachel and I were left there as, now, it became totally dark, father and daughter strangely illuminated by the bluish streetlamps, alone, their shadows clawing a single still form on the wall of their house.

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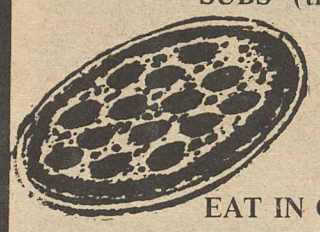

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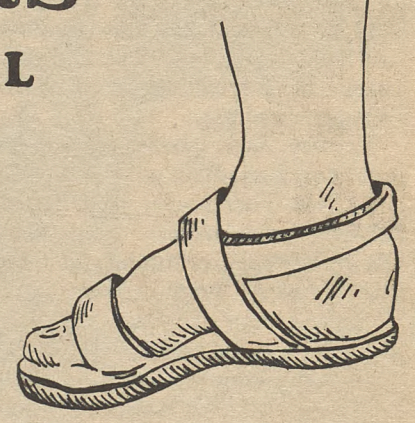

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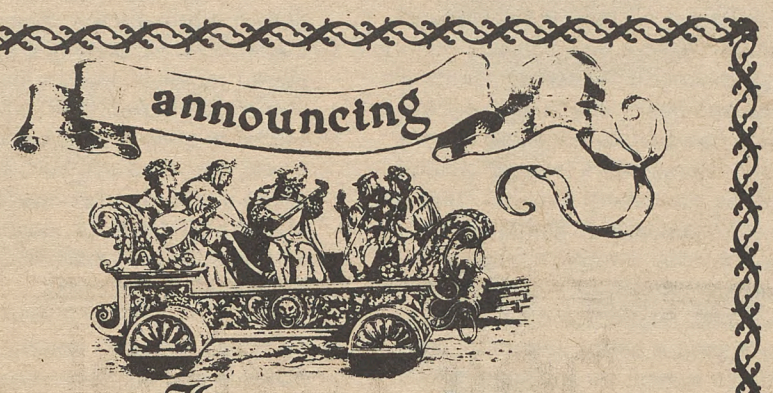

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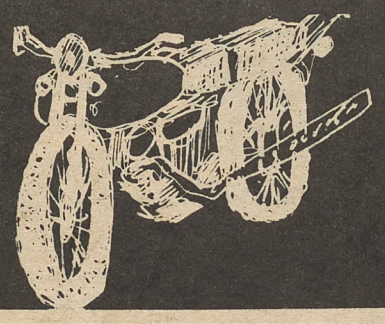

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MUSIC

Susan Cohn

Carl Banner is twenty-three and he looks like he's tifteen. A local boy, Banner and the Chevy Chase Community Center borrowed a piano and on May 7 he gave a benefit recital (the money to go to buy a piano for the Center). The program itself was amazingly ambitious – Bach's Partita # 3 in A Minor, Mozart's B Flat Sonata, Schumann's Papillons, Op. 2, and the F Minor Sonata by Brahms – a program calling for a lot of stamina and strength.

Not only did Banner show stamina and strength, but he also proved himself to be a fine pianist. His technique was flawless and his interpretations were more than acceptable. There were only two minor complaints: one section of the Bach sounded more like the fourth movement of Chopin's "Funeral March" Sonata than Bach, and Banner's Brahms, while a gorgeous rush of sound, lacked the tears, or dark brown, or whatever one calls that Romantic pensiveness. It seems to come to the musician with age.

He needs some more stage presence, a bit more maturity, but Banner is a fine pianist. He performed more than competently, and even added a Beethoven Scherzo as an encore. And, knowing the perversity of life, the kid will probably want to become a brain surgeon.

† † †

Alan Mandel is a fine musician and an excellent pianist, but his pre-sabbatical recital on April 18 at American University sounded tired (with one notable exception).

Mandel opened with Schumann's "Symphonic Etudes," op. 13, a poorly composed showpiece which sounded more pianistic than symphonic in this reading. Mandel's approach was clear, perhaps a little too dry for the requisite Romantic spirit and he paused between etudes, not barrelling through the music. These breaks were refreshing to the ear, but it still is a terribly long piece, one I would gladly miss. The Schumann was followed by Beethoven's "Les Adieux" Sonata No. 26 in Eb Major, Op. 81a, chosen perhaps in honor of the occasion (the three movements are "The Leaving," "Absence," and "The Return"). Again, the interpretation was much too dry for my taste and lacked a necessary soul.

Five rags by Scott Joplin opened the second half of the program and, as all of them were slightly under tempo, no real foot-tapping excitement got started. The Maple Leaf Rag, last in the set, did have a little more sparkle, but nothing in the whole program could have been as stunning as Mandel's performance of Charles Ives' "Second Piano Sonata: Concord, Mass., 1840 - 1860" (1909 - 1915). This work was written with the purpose of capturing the spirit of the New England philosopher/writers of an era: Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and Thoreau. . . each writer having a movement of this sonata devoted to him. In fact, Ives wrote a set of essays "primarily as a preface or reason," as he states, for this sonata, and most performers and listeners find the verbal Ives an excellent companion to the aural experience of the sonata. [Best edition: Essays Before a Sonata, the Majority, and Other Writings by Charles Ives, edited by Howard Boatwright, Norton Publishers, $2.45 in paperback, a fascinating collection of little pieces by a freethinker who revolutionized the worlds of music as well as the insurance business.] Mandel is widely recognized as a prime interpreter of Ives, and his performance on Tuesday gave evidence of this reputation. Ives' music takes a combination of amazing technique, Romantic interpretation, and the ability to make interruptions of unrelated musical fragments sound "right," and Mandel succeeds admirably in all these areas. The sonata is built on the famous four-note theme of Beethoven's 5th Symphony, yet this motive never becomes obtrusive in Mandel's performance; fragments of popular songs also don't intrude, but softly pass by the ear. It was an excellent performance, sensitive and introspective, more than worth waiting for through the other pieces.

† † †

The Chicago Symphony, conducted by Georg Solti, conquered Washington; their performance on April 23 at the Kennedy Center was sold out, and all the ticket holders were present. The Chicago is rare among large orchestras in that the performers actually watch the conductor, and he does more than draw circles in the air. The result of musicians working together instead of against each other is an amazing precision. (Think of it! One hundred people doing something at exactly the same moment! And notice how much better the National Symphony sounds now that it does not ignore Dorati as it ignored Mitchell.)

The first piece played was Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony, No. 35 in D major, a tight performance that emphasized clarity but did not lose sensitivity. Mozart was followed by Richard Strauss' "Don Juan," a tone poem that is the epitome of late Romanticism. The orchestra did a very symphonic, sweeping performance that made the music come alive instead of sounding silly, as some Romantic music does, and the precision kept the lines and harmonies from becoming sloppy.

Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique," the famous musical evocation of an opium trip, filled the last half of the concert. Again, the piece was saved by the precision of the orchestra and it was a fine reading, except that I thought the March to the Scaffold sounded a little cheerful. The marvelous coloristic talents of Berlioz shone throughout the performance, and the theme of his "Beloved" reappeared clearly at its every entrance.

My only complaint with the program was that the large part of it was solely late Romantic and perhaps more variety would have been nice. The audience went wild, cheering and applauding profusely after each work, perhaps because they liked the music, but mostly because everything was superbly played.

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Mike Hogan

Only John Sebastian could have stolen the show back from John Prine as he did when the two of them performed at Constitution Hall last Wednesday, because watching and listening to Prine I had the feeling that he was really some miracle combination of Kristofferson (with less mileage on him), Loudon Wainwright III (with less tendency to tear himself apart on stage) and early Dylan (with a more visible sense of humor). As he ran through his songs it became apparent that although the music of his tunes and his guitar style are entertaining, they're undeniably secondary to the music of his lyrics. He writes songs to convey his viewpoint on various things. If real stories will supply the vehicle, fine. If not, he conjures up a story so realistic (I can almost believe that he really met a girl from Venus with insides made of gold!) that you can't tell the difference, as if it really made any.

John Sebastian is about: racing your ol' lady across the park just so you can collapse all tired and sweaty and getting itchy in the grass; or sneaking up on her while she's doing the dishes and playfully grabbing her from behind; or wrestling with her on the living room rug and then making love right there. Yeah, John

Being the kind of guy he is, John made a special effort to give the audience all it wanted, pointing out that there wouldn't be any more John Sebastian concerts in D.C. because he, with his drummer and bassist and a couple of others he wouldn't mention by name, was forming a band and would be performing in that context the next time he visited.

He opened with a hello to D.C. song, moved on to oldies like "She's a Lady," "Nashville Cats," "Younger Girl," then up to newer tuens like "Stories We Could Tell," "I Don't Want Nobody Else," and then way back to a good humored version of "In The Still Of The Night" (with the audience cheering him on as he hit falsettos fine enough to shame Tiny Tim) and after running thru about two albums worth of memory tickling tunes, he closed with "Red-Eye Express."

Finally, with the crowd on its feet and rushing to the stage, John came back to encore with two more oldies, "Jug Band Music" and "Darlin' Be Home Soon," and, sadly, that old cliche about good times going by too fast was never truer.

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The $66^{00} discount we offer you is real.

The $200 Smiling Sam Xanadu offers may not be.

When shopping around for a stereo system, beware of list prices bearing large discounts. These discounts are often and easily attached to equipment which has an inflated list price—one which represents a level of quality that the equipment may not measure up to. If you buy a "Smiling Sam Xanadu $500 system, special this week for only $300," you may well not save $200. Not if you could have purchased a better sounding, more reliable system for the same $300 (regardless of the "list" or "discount"). Sometimes the big savings give you *less* for your money.

Sony has brought the price of amplifier power down. The Sony 6045 AM/FM stereo receiver delivers more clean, undistorted power than most receivers higher in price produced as little as a year ago: *50* watts RMS across the entire audio range at less than *0.5%* distortion (RMS is the most demanding and least flashy of the various power rating methods).

To match the value that the Smaller Advents and the Sony receiver represents, we recommend the Garrard SL55B turntable with a Shure M93 stereo cartridge. It has a well-balanced platter for good speed stability and a quiet (synchronous) motor for low wow, flutter and rumble. The *Shure M93* cartridge tracks at a record-saving *2* grams.

The $66 we're taking off the $485 list price of our Advent/Sony/Garrard system represents a *meaningful* savings because even at $485 the system represents a better value in performance and reliability than does any other system you could buy for the same price—or less. The savings are real because the value of the components is real.

The Smaller Advent Loudspeaker has greater frequency response and freedom from distortion than do many far more expensive speakers. It provides the final, lowest octave of bass offered by only a handful of the most expensive speakers—and none costing nears its price of $70.

In our store these components add up to $485 we offer you the system for $419. At $485 it's an excellent value, but at $419 it's a great buy on an excellent value.

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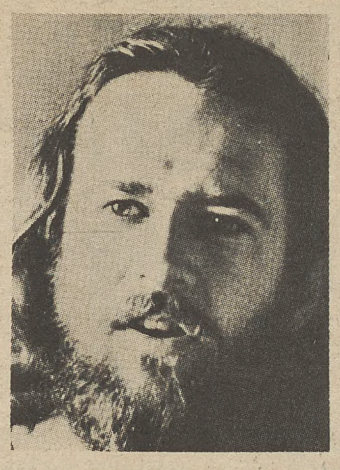

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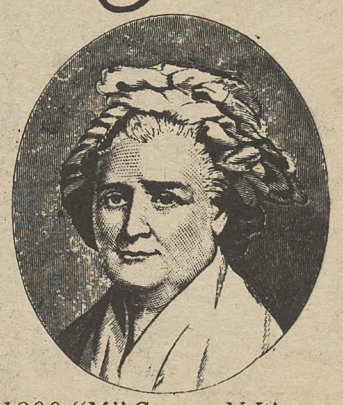

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TUESDAY MAY 16

Concerts

Cheech and Chong w/ David Bromberg; Cellar Door 337–3389
Emmy Lou Harris; Tammany Hall 9:30–1:30 333–5865
Englebert Humberdink; Hampton Roads Colliseum
Van Morrison and Chris Smithers, Constitution Hall 8pm $4–$6
Bobby & Friends; Apple Pie

CONCERTS

Gabriel Over The White House; AFI; 8pm 554–3000
Festival of Academy Award Winning Shorts; Biograph 333–2696
On the Waterfront and The Killing; Circle Theatre $1–1.75 337-4470
The Magus and A View From The Bridge, Inner Circle
The Sorrow and The Pity –D.C. premiere; Outer Circle 1

EVENTS

Chuck Taylor speaks on the mentally retarded, Potter's House, 8:30pm
$1.25 includes coffee
Ahmad Jamal at Mr. Henry's 544–5898

WEDNESDAY MAY 17

CONCERTS

Cheech & Chong (see May 16)
Emmy Lou Harris; Childe Harold; 9:30–1:30 483–6700
Choral Arts Society – "Elijah" – Concert Hall, Kennedy Cneter;
8:30pm $1–$7.50 254–3776

FILMS

The Manchurian Candidate; AFI 554–3000
The Lady From Shanhai; No. Va. Comm. Coll.; 8:45, FREE
Lord of the Flies & Outcast of the Islands; Inner Circle
The Sorrow and the Pity; Outer Circle 1 244–3116
The Go-Between & Women in Love; Biograph, 333–5868
Some Like It Hot & Love Me Or Leave Me; Circle Theatre

EVENTS

Painting & Sculpture Exhibition by Alan Bridge and Yuri Schaebler;
1636 Conn. Ave., 3–8pm
Paul Taylor Dancers; Opera House, Kennedy Center 8pm $3.50-7.50
Ahmed Jamal (see May 16)

THURSDAY MAY 18

CONCERTS

Cheech & Chong (see May 16)
Jacksonville Symphony; Concert Hall, Kennedy Center 8pm $1–$6
Emmy Lou Harris; The Assembly 9:30–1:30 544–4616
Stephen Stills; William & Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.

FILMS

Russia; AFI 8pm 554–3000
The Go-Between & Women In Love (see May 17)
White Heat & St. Valentine's Day Massacre, Circle Theater
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
The Pickwick Papers & Major Barbara; Inner Circle Theater

EVENTS

Sleeping Beauty; National Ballet at the Kennedy Center 387–5544
Painting & Sculpture Exhibition (see May 17)
National Ballet Co.; Opera House, Kennedy Center, 9pm 254–3770
Ahmed Jamal (see May 16)

FRIDAY MAY 19

CONCERTS

Opera —— Yeoman of the Guard, Montgomery Light Opera 8pm
for further info call 232–3432 (day), 588–3056 (evening)
Cheech & Chong (see May 16)
Emmy Lou Harris (see May 17)
Choral Arts Society – "Elijah" – (see May 17)
Doug Wray; The 301 Ranch, Waldorf, Md.
Buck Owens; DAR Constitution Hall, 8pm $4.50–$6.50

FILMS

Point of Order AFI 554–3000
I Was A Communist for the F.B.I. AFI
Sons & Lovers and The Virgin and the Gypsy, Inner Circle
The Go-Between & Women in Love (see May 17)
Little Ceasar & Public Enemy; Circle Theatre
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)

EVENTS

Start of weekend workshops of dance with Al Huang at
Tai Chi Chuan call 923–4436
Painting & Sculpture Exhibition (see May 17)
National Ballet Co. (see May 18)

SATURDAY 20 May

CONCERTS

Opera – Yeoman of the Guard – (see May 19)
Cheech & Chong (see May 16)
Emmy Lou Harris (see May 18)
Doug Wray (see May 19)

FILMS

Sunrise at Campobello; AFI 8pm 554–3000
The Go-Between & Women in Love (see May 17)
Little Ceasar & Public Enemy (see May 19)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
Sons & Lovers and The Virgin and the Gypsy (see May 19)

EVENTS

La Sylphide; National Ballet at the Kennedy Center 2–8pm 387-5544
Dance Workshop w/ Al Huang (see May 19)
Painting & Film Exhibition (see May 17) noon–6pm
National Ballet Co. (see May 18) matinee at 2pm
Ahmed Jamal (see May 16)

SUNDAY MAY 21

CONCERTS

Hootenanny; Cellar Door; 337–3389
Greater Boston Youth Symphony; Concert Hall, Kennedy Center, 3pm
Preservation Hall Jazz Band; Concert Hall, Kennedy Center, 8:30pm
tickets $1–$6.50 254–3776
"Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat," a sacred rock musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Time Rice; Arlington Church of the
Brethren, 7:30pm 524–4100 or 524–2236

FILMS

The Last Hurrah; AFI 8pm 554–3000
The Go-Between & Women in Love (see May 17)
Roaring Twenties & Petrified Forest; Circle Theatre 337–4470
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
Electra & Don Quizote de la Mancha; Inner Circle Theatre

EVENTS

La Syllphide (see May 20) 8pm only
Dance Workshop w/ Al Huang (see May 19)
National Ballet Co. (see May 18) matinee at 2pm
Ahmed Jamal (see May 16)

MONDAY MAY 22

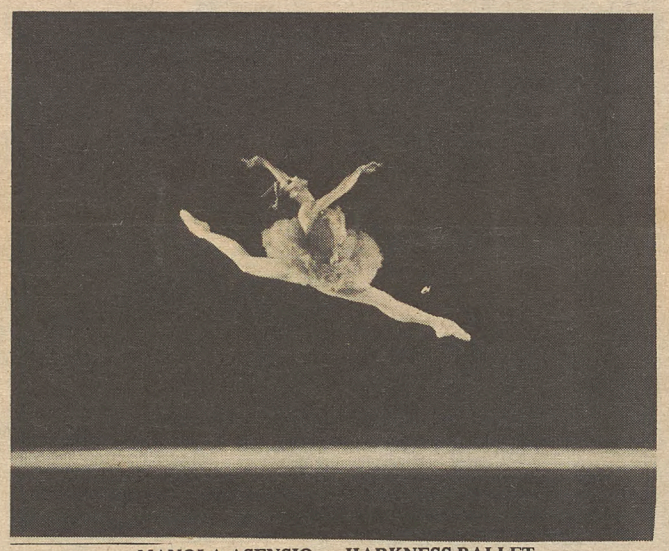
CONCERTS

Ramsay Louis w/ Euclid McPhearson; Cellar Door
Emmy Lou Harris (see May 18)
Tom Jones; Shady Grove Music Fair
Crank; The Keg

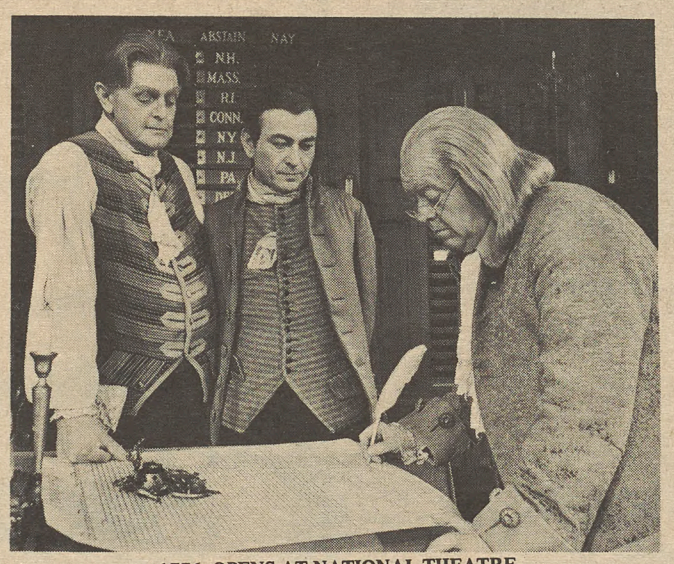
CONCERTS ON THE EAST COAST

May 18 — 21	Second Annual Montgomery County Bluegrass Music Festival; Troy, No. Carolina
May 19 – 21	16th Annual Pittsburg Folk Festival; Civic Arena, Pittsburg, Pa.
May 20	Kenwood Folk Festival; Kenwood Academy, Albany New York
	Second Annual Bluegrass Fiddlers' Convention; Iredell County Fairgrounds; Statesville, No. Caro.
May 26	The Byrds and Eric Anderson; Ritz Theatre, Staten Island, NY
MAY 28	Second Annual Carter Stanley Memorial Bluegrass Festival, McClure. Va.
June 1	Allman Brothers; Kennedy Center
June 2 – 4	Bluegrass Bonanza Showcase; Indian Springs Campground, Maryland
June 3	First Annual Bluegrass and Old Time Fiddlers' Convention; Veterans Memorial Park, Mt. Airy, North Carolina
July 4	Rolling Stones at the RFK Stadium w/ Stevie Wonder and Martha Reaves

WIN!!! NAME THIS WEEK'S STUMPER AND WIN BIG PRIZES!!!



MANOLA ASENSIO HARKNESS BALLET



1776 OPENS AT NATIONAL THEATRE

THEATRE OPENINGS

A Certain Dark Joy, Howard University's Aldridge Theatre,
Opens May 16. info. 636–7700
Tricks, Kreeger Theatre of Arena Stage Opens May 19, 8 pm
(Sun. Mat. 2 pm) $4.75 – $6.25 638–6700
1776, National Theater Opens May 21, 8 pm (Sun. mat. 3 pm)
$3.50 – $11 628–7673
Lady Audley's Secret, Washington Theatre Club Opens May 25,
8 pm (Sun. mat. 3 pm) $3 – $6 446–8860
The Marquise, Eisenhower Theater, Kennedy Center, Opens 5/29
7:30 pm (Thurs. & Sat. mat. 2 pm) $3 – $9 254–3670

CONTINUING

Four Minus One, Washington Theatre Club, 8 pm $3–$6 466–8860
Richard II, Eisenhower Theater, Kennedy Center, 7:30 pm $5–$8
254–3670
Status Quo Vadis, Arena Stage, 8pm $4.25–$5.25 closes 5/18
Godspell, Ford's Theater, 7:30 pm (Sun. mat. 3 pm) $6–$7 347-6260
Company, National Theater, 8pm $3.50–$11 628–7673
Slave Song, Black American Theater and New Theater School of Wash.
8pm (Sun. mat. 2pm) 483–2251–52
Feiffer's People, Theatre Lobby, 8:30pm $2 393–5818
Firebugs, Back Alley Theatre Thurs.–Sun. $2–$3 723–2040

FILMS

State of the Union; AFI
The Go-Between & Women in Love (see May 17)
Al Capone & Marked Woman; Circle Theatre
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
Electra and Don Quixote (see May 21)

TUESDAY MAY 23

CONCERTS

Ramsey Lewis (see May 22)
Paul Hill Chorale; Concert Hall Kennedy Center, 8:30pm 254–3776
Emmy Lou Harris (see May 16)
Tom Jones (see May 22)

FILMS

The President's Analyst; AFI 8pm 554–3000
The Go-Between & Women in Love (see May 17)
Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing & The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse;
Circle Theatre 337–4470
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
Oedipus Rex & Antigone; Inner Cicrle Theatre

WEDNESDAY MAY 24

CONCERTS

Ramsey Lewis (see May 22)
Emmy Lou Harris (see May 17)
Stan Kenton; Robinson High School, Fairfax, Va.
Tom Jones (see May 22)

FILMS

The Best Man AFI
Get Carter & The Last Run; Circle Theatre
The Sorrow and the Pitty (see May 17)
Oedipus Rex & Antigone (see May 23)

EVENTS

Harkness Ballet – Benefit; Opera House, Kennedy Center 525–8307

THURSDAY MAY 25

CONCERTS

Ramsey Lewis (see May 22)
Interlochen Orchestra; Concert Hall, Kennedy Center $1–$25
8pm 254–3776
Emmy Lou Harris (see May 18)
Tom Jones (see May 22)

FILMS

Seven Days in May; AFI 8pm 554–3000
Get Carter and The Last Run (see May 24)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
The Scarlet Pimpernell and Cyran de Bergerac Inner Circle

EVENTS

Harkness Ballet; Opera House, Kennedy Center 8pm $3.75–$7

FRIDAY MAY 26

CONCERTS

Ramsey Lewis (see May 22)
Emmy Lou Harris (see may 18)
Eom Jones (see May 22)
Doug Wray (see May 19)

FILMS

World Premiere of Emile de Antonio's film on New York Painters;
AFI; 8pm 554–3000
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
Thomas Crown Affair & Point Blank; Circle Theatre
Quartet & Brief Encounter; Inner Circle

EVENTS

Harkness Ballet (see May 25)
Opera – Don Pasquale – Washington Civic Opera and Nat'l Symphony
at Lisner Auditorium; 8:30 232–2567

SATURDAY MAY 27

CONCERTS

Ramsey Lewis (see May 22)
Emmy Lou Harris (see May 18)
Tom Jones (see May 22)
Doug Wray (see May 19)
Stevie Wonder; Constitution Hall
Smokey Robinson & the Miracles; Hampton Roads Colleseum

FILMS

Advise and Concent; AFI 8pm
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 27)
Thomas Crown Affair & Point Blank (see May 26)
Quartet & Brief Encounter (see May 26)

EVENTS

Gwendolyn Brooks & Ebon; St. Stephens Church, 16th at Newton St.
8pm 265–0142
Harkness Ballet (see May 25) matinee at 2pm $3.50–$5
Don Pasquale (see May 26)

SUNDAY MAY 28

CONCERTS

Hootenanny; Cellar Door 337–3389
American College Jazz Festival; Concert Hall, Kennedy Center 3–8pm
Tom Jones (see May 22)

FILMS

All the King's Men; AFI 8pm 554–3000
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
Trio & Encore; Inner Ci rcle Theatre

EVENTS

Harkness Ballet (see May 25)

MONDAY MAY 29

CONCERTS

Wet Willie; Cellar Door; 337–3389
American College Jazz Festival (see May 28)
Emmy Lou Harris (see May 18)
Curtis Mayfield; Concert Hall, Kennedy Center 8:30pm 254–3776
Crank; The Keg

FILMS

Abraham Lincoln; AFI
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
The Entertainer & The Balcony; Inner Circle Theatre

TUESDAY MAY 30

CONCERTS

Wet Willie (see May 29)
Emmy Lou Harris (see May 16)

FILMS

Wild in the Streets; AFI 8pm 554–3000
The Sorrow and the Pity (see May 17)
The Entertainer & The Balcony; Inner Circle Theatre.